# BACONIANA.

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## A FEW WORDS ABOUT PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE event which, during the past year, has seemed to be pre-eminent in importance, is the bringing into full light the "*Manes*" of "the incomparable Francis of Verulam." The verses in his honour by no means diminish in interest as we proceed with the collection; and it is satisfactory to feel that no well-informed person can in future maintain the absence of documentary evidence showing Francis Bacon as the Great Poet of his Age, and recognised as such by his friends and contemporaries.

In truth, such documentary evidence has never been lacking since James Spedding discovered amongst the Northumberland MSS., the noteworthy paper book, on the outside leaf of which is a catalogue of the original contents. This list, included with Mr. Francis Bacon's "Essaies," &c., other works "by the same Author"—*e.g.*, *Richard II.*, and *Richard III.*, *The Conference of Pleasure*, *Osmond and Cornelia*, and other pieces written for performance on State occasions —with orations, and verses to be delivered by the Earls of Leicester, Sussex, and Essex, to be passed off as their productions. "The Conference" remains intact, but the Plays have disappeared, the connecting string having apparently been cut for the purpose of removing these tell-tale pieces.

Neither can documentary evidence be honestly said to have been wanting since the publication, in 1883, of the mass of manuscript notes known as "Bacon's *Promus*," and the collation of these notes with passages in the "Shakespeare" plays and poems. None but

minds most prejudiced, or incapable of weighing evidence, can fail to perceive the force of the arguments derived from the coincidences between the titles of works included in the List of Contents on the paper book, and the titles of two of the acknowledged *Shakespeare* plays; or, again, the immense number of coincidences between the manuscript entries in the *Promus* and "*Shakespeare.*"*

Again, the word *Shakespeare* is many time scribbled upon the outside leaf of the paper book, and with it the word *Honorifiabilitudino.* It seems as if the latter must be an attempt by the amanuensis to write down the wonderful word in *Love's Labour's Lost* —"*Honorificabilitudinitatibus*," and we may fairly regard this as evidence that the clerkly servant who indexed the contents of the paper book, beguiled his spare minutes by scribbling the future pseudonym of the Poet—the "Shakespeare" which, for the first time, appeared on the title-page of every play after *Richard II.* was printed.† The pseudomyn was at that time adopted and affixed to the Plays in consequence of Queen Elizabeth's jealous displeasure and alarm at the repeated performance, by the orders of the Earl of Essex, of that very play—*Richard II.* Can we doubt that the scribe, practising his pen upon the word (which was never so spelt or signed by any member of the Shakspere, or Shaxpurre family, until twenty years after the death of the actor-manager), knew perfectly well of the connection between the Name, the Play, and the true Author?

In the course of a few years it may become a matter of inquiry and curiosity—Why, when there exists so much plain evidence of Bacon's poetic genius, of his connection with "*Shake-speare*," and of the fact that *these things were, and must be at the present day, known* to a considerable number of persons—why, or how comes it that any educated or intelligent man should be found wilfully and tenaciously clinging to proved fictions, and to unproved statements? Such would

* It is perhaps right to add that further research and collation show that the entries on certain sheets (chiefly of Proverbs and Turns of speech), are found in plays of various dates ranked amongst the "Minor Dramatists" of the Elizabethan period, and which we believe to be the juvenile or less polished productions of Anthony and Francis Bacon.

† We are informed that upon a sheet in a writing case which belonged to Francis Bacon, and is now in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, the word *Shakespeare* is similarly scribbled.

have us believe that Francis Bacon, "the Glory of his Age and Nation," "the most prodigious wit," the concealed man upon whom, if upon any man, "a beam from Heaven" had descended, was in spite of such a cloud of witnesses,

1. No Poet.
2. That he had no more connection with the great religious movements of the day, than he had with Poetry and the Stage.
3. That he knew nothing of "*Shakespeare*," or of Spenser, Cowley, Ben Jonson, Kemp, Burbage, and Alleyne, although these names recur often in Anthony Bacon's correspondence as "Servants" or subordinate agents in his work at home or abroad.
4. Sometimes it is positively added (though without proofs offered) that Francis Bacon could have had neither part nor lot in the institution of Freemasonry, and that this vast Secret Society existed for ages before his "Methods" were invented.
5. That the Ciphers lately discovered, and now vigorously worked upon by Baconians, are mere delusions and absurdities, and the results arrived at by their means, fictions, or impostures.

It is easy to listen with equanimity to objections which proceed either from innocent ignorance or from a kind of loyalty to hereditary beliefs, such as inclines the mind to perceive in any praise of the "Incomparable Francis of Verulam," a stab under the arm at William Shakspere. *Not at the Poetry*, but at the man himself, the supposed Heaven-born Genius who, with no certified teaching, without a library, so far as is known, without a book, without even being able to write or to spell his own name, wrote the Plays "out of his head," by an inspiration which enabled him to quote glibly or allusively from the ancient writers of Greece and Rome as well as from modern works in French, Italian, and Spanish. An inspiration which enabled him to borrow, adapt, or to coin words previously unknown, but which have been received into our language, and are now part and parcel of the best English styles. Meanwhile, this unparalleled prodigy was pouring into his plays not only Science a hundred years in advance of his times, Rhetorical terms which even now require a footnote in explanation, the Law, not of a lawyer's clerk but of an Attorney-General or of a Lord Chancellor, and withal, the matchless metaphors and similes, the axioms and anti-

theses, the ethical and contemplative wisdom which we find in the most magnificent and poetical, or in the most condensed and pithy prose writings of Francis Bacon.

We never attempt in this little periodical to *review* books, but merely draw attention to those which can be recommended as most useful and to the point. Would anyone read an excellent and almost exhaustive *résumé* of the arguments and evidence, on either side, of the "Bacon-Shakspere" controversy, we commend him to a work too little known in England, but now already running through its seventh edition: "Bacon *versus* Shakspere; a Brief for the Plaintiff," by Mr. Edwin Reed, Member of the Shakespeare Society, New York.* This book is full of interesting and entertaining information imparted in a clear and most readable style, with authorities and references liberally appended. No one should set about discussing or writing upon this subject without having first read a work which, for its purpose, could hardly be better written. We are glad to hear that another book is soon to be expected from the same pen.

Since it is only right to hear all that can be said on the other side, we have strenuously endeavoured to glean from opponents definite statements of opinion concerning the "*Manes Verulamiani*," and to learn how they would propose to explain away the force of these verses as evidence to the justice of our own conclusions. From writers for newspapers and literary periodicals we expected little, and have heard absolutely nothing. From strong Anti-Baconians and Shakspereans we have received the following checks or criticisms:—

1. "I see nothing in the verses to support the notion that Bacon was a poet, or that he had anything to do with Shakespeare or the Drama."
2. "The verses are mere hyperbolical compliments after the fashion of the day."
3. "Perhaps these queer verses were written as a kind of joke by young men who considered that Bacon was absurdly over-praised. In these Elegies they meant to out-Herod Herod."
4. "The signatures of George Herbert, &c., may be forgeries."

* Pub. Boston, Mass., 1895. Copyright, London, for Joseph Knight & Co.

5. "Of course these Elegies are spurious, otherwise the over-zealous Baconians would have produced them long ago."
6. "Since this collection of laudatory verses is printed in the Harleian Miscellany, the editor of that Miscellany must have known whence he copied them. Why did he not say where we may see the originals? Where is the collection of Dr. Rawley's papers? Some one must know this. I cannot believe that there is no man living who can answer this question."

   This writer adds that he does not "approve of mysteries, which almost always have some fraud behind them," hinting, though not in so many words, that this may be some device of the evil Baconians to exalt their hero, and to depress *Shakespeare*. With his remarks above, and with his objection to mysteries, we cordially agree, but many of us consider that the difficulties suggested may all be explained by the "Freemason Theory."

When Francis of Verulam confided to his faithful friends and allies the charge of his "cabinet and presses full of papers," to be by them perused, and, according to their judgment, published or suppressed, their judgment seems to have caused them to *suppress* for a considerable period, and afterwards by degrees to publish, that vast collection of MSS. In the same way, we consider it most probable that these "*Manes*" were first suppressed, and afterwards circulated amongst Bacon's Sons of Science, the highest literary and religious Freemasons; finally, when the NAME and fame of the great Verulam had been long in the shade, when the NAME "*Shakespeare*" had assumed the mask of the poet, then these Latin verses might safely pace forth. How many would care to read their "obscure" Latin? Mere compliments —hyperbolic flatteries—the fashion of the day—"words, mere words, nothing from the heart." That is what men, in days no wiser then than now, would say; they have said it, and say it still. Truly Francis Bacon was "cunyng in the humours of persons"—he knew that, as men were before and in his time, so in the main they would always be.

The other objections seem to be almost too feeble to invite attack; yet we call upon Common-sense to reply to one point. Can it be considered any "compliment" to commend a man for his skill in

things which he has never been known to attempt, or to extol in him gifts, powers, or any kind of talent which he was never supposed to possess? For example, could it be called compliment and hyperbolical laudation to describe our present Prime Minister, or even his versatile predecessor, as "one who in no light or trivial spirit drew on the socks of comedy and the high-heeled boots of tragedy?" Would there be wit, point, or sense in similar remarks applied to the Lord Chancellor, the President of the Royal Society, or the most distinguished man of science in any centre of learning? Or would it be more suitable, wittier, or more comprehensible, if we were to address such dignitaries as *Teachers of the Muses, ranking next to or equal with Apollo himself?* Would it improve matters if we were to describe them as *the Tagus of Oratory?*

Finally, is it credible that, on such a subject, some thirty scholars would have written, that Dr. Rawley would have preserved, that Lord Oxford and others should have handed down, and caused to be printed in choice and valuable books, a collection of poems with false signatures, untrue and absurd statements, or, as one correspondent describes them—"*jokes*"?

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## "MANES VERULAMIANI."

(*English Translations continued.*)

### PART III.

WE regret that want of space should prohibit the publication in this magazine of the Latin versions of the "Manes Verulamiani" with their translations. Yet this regret is diminished by finding how few readers, even scholars, willingly attack the somewhat strange and ambiguous Latin. The originals may be seen printed (as already stated) in the Harleian Miscellany, Vol. X., and in Blackbourne's standard edition of Bacon's works, Vol. I. In order to secure the publication of documentary evidence of the supremacy of Francis of Verulam *as a poet*, Dr. Cantor first published the elegy which Blackbourne places last in the collection. Herein our poet is ranked next to Apollo, described as another Orpheus, a teacher of the Muses, and (with the frequent quibbling ambiguity) as Quirinus, the spear-swinger—"Shake-speare."

His position, as head or centre of a great secret society, is also hinted; he was the inaugurator of a new philosophy—the binder together of "The Roses." The verses published in October, 1896, exhibit Francis Bacon in the same light, but, in still plainer terms, they declare that it was with a serious purpose that he wrote his plays, and raised comedy no less than tragedy to the highest excellence. Again, reference is made to Henry VII. uniting the Roses, and with this allusion is coupled another quibble with regard to the words of Bacon being so many *Roses*. It is suggested that this repeated allusion to the Rose (so intimately associated with the ancient symbolism adopted in Christian worship) may hint at Bacon's connection with the theological work of his time, and (since he could allow "divinity" alone a higher place than poesy) that his supreme aims were religious, and directed to the binding of the bands of the Roses; for "*religion being the chief band of human society, it is a happy thing when itself is contained within the true band of religion.*"

Some of us who have gone deeply into this subject are confident that Bacon will prove to have been the chief reviser of the Bible, in editions published from 1589—1630; that he also helped similarly in the revision of the Book of Common Prayer (1604), and that he wrote the first metrical version of the Psalms and the first English hymns to be set to music and sung, to the glory of God, in places of Christian worship. Many of these sacred verses have been attributed to other authors, and scattered amongst their supposed works. But being brought together, and carefully compared, these verses display a remarkable affinity, and appear all to have emanated from the same source. Those few which are printed amongst Bacon's works have been, by good judges, commended as excellent first attempts to render into homely verse the sacred texts, Psalms and Hymns, intended to be set to simple tunes for the use of simple folk.

The same verses have, on the other hand, been assailed by unsympathetic readers, who, disregarding the aim of these "translations," have been pleased to criticise them as specimens of Francis Bacon's highest poetic efforts, and, thus judging, have covered them with contempt and abuse. It is, however, patent that Bacon's "Translation of Certain Psalms" compares favourably with a collection of verses of a similar kind attributed to John Milton, and *extolled, when supposed to be written by him.*

To return to the "*Manes*," there is, Mr. Wigston has observed in one piece which we now reprint, an allusion to the inscription beneath the monumental effigy of *Shakespeare* at Stratford-on-Avon. The *motif* of these lines is identical with that of the verses collected in an article on "Monuments and Epitaphs," in BACONIANA, Vol. III., p. 75. These all echo the sayings of Bacon, that

"The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power," &c.,*

and (repeating the former words) add that—

". . . The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation." †

The words of *Shakespeare* are to the same purpose, and indeed the references to men who, *though dead, yet live*, not by their epitaphs, or monuments, and tombs of brass and stone, but *in their fame*, are too frequent to be cited. Similar sentiments and expressions in the *Sonnets* are doubtless familiar to every reader of these pages—

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive this powerful rhyme."

The poet's memory in his verse shall find his monument,

"When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent." ‡

The thought so often expressed by Francis Bacon, that a man's most precious earthly possessions—the only things in the world which he should really cherish and prize—are his *intellectual powers and a good name and fame after death* appear strongly in the poem signed I. Vincent, to which we have alluded.

Opponents may say their worst, the simple or ignorant may for a while repeat their statements or applaud their errors, but meanwhile truth is surely coming to light. Already it has come to those who seek. Is it, we say, possible to read these little poems, written by thirty of Bacon's educated contemporaries, without perceiving that they all agree—all in their general witness harmonise? Not worldly

* *Device of Philautia. Hermit's Speech.* † *Advancement of Learning.*

‡ See *Tit. And.* i. 2—105, 205—207; 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2; *All's Well* i. 2, 48—50; *Hen. V.* i. 2, 228—233; *Ham.* ii. 2, 530—532, v. 1, 306, &c.; *Sonnets* 55, 64, 65, 81, 107.

wealth or dignities, neither the praises of the learned few, nor the flatteries of the shallow multitude, were the true aim and life-long aspiration of the "Incomparable Francis of Verulam." His whole soul centred in this hope, his whole life was bent to this great purpose, for which his heartfelt prayers went up to heaven—that by God's grace, and by due use of the great gifts which God alone bestows, he might be enabled to benefit the whole human race, even to the remotest ages of the world, effacing for a time his own personality, and ensuring only, that his good name and his fame should be his everlasting monument.

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*On the Death of the Incomparable Francis of Verulam, &c.*

"Mourn now, and weep, ye boisterous running streams,
Sprung from beneath the hoof of Pegasus,
Run on, defiled with mud, and black with dust
Such as your waters scarce would carry down,
And let the glorious green of Daphne fall,
Her branches withered and unfruitful be.
Wherefore, ye Muses, should ye strive to grow
Inutile laurels in your desolate groves?
Nay, rather, with relentless axes cleave
The stems of that unprofitable tree.
To him alone it was your wont to bring
The laurel crown, and from us he has passed.
Verulam stormed the stronghold of the gods
'Mid whom he wears a shining golden crown;
He loves to sit above the vault of heaven,
And downwards thence to gaze upon the stars.
Envying the secrets of th' immortal gods,
The wisdom veiled from men in their abodes,
He laboured to restore it to mankind,
And bring new culture down into the world.
No man on earth was ever known endowed
With greater gifts of intellect than he,
None living could so cunningly unite
Order and learning—Themis' with Pallas' wit.
Won by these charms, whilst yet he flourished
The Muses' sacred chorus, in his praise
Poured forth so full a stream of eloquence,
That none remains, no language left, wherein
His mourners duly can lament his loss."—*William Boswell.*

With this poem should be compared "The Lord Bacon's Character," cited in "Blackbourne" from "Benj. Johnson, *the poet, in his Discoveries, edit.* 1692, p. 701." After saying of "Dominus Verulamius," that "*In short, within his view, and about his time were all the wits born that could honour a language and help study*" (words which admit of two readings)), the writer continues in the same strain as William Boswell to lament the decadence of wit, wisdom, and eloquence which followed upon the loss of this one mighty pen :—

"*Now things daily fall; wits grow downwards, and eloquence goes backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark or acmè of our language.*"

Do not these words bring forcibly before us the fact of how entirely the literary world was dependent upon the work of *one man?* and of how conscious the minor writers were that the springs of poetry would "run on, defiled with mud and dust," when he who alone could clear and purify them was taken away?

We cannot refrain from drawing attention to the conjunction seen in these examples of the names of *Johnson* (*sic*) and *Boswell* on the death of that most illustrious heroic lord, Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam.

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"Muses, now pour perennial waters forth
In funeral dirges, and in streams of tears.
Apollo's floods, shed from Castalian springs,
May emptied be. For these our scanty drops—
Suffice not for the death of one so great,
Nor crown thee, and fill up thy boundless praise.
Persuasion's marrow! sinew of genius!
E'en Tagus doth recite most precious gems
Of hidden verse, and priceless literature.
'Twas by the Fates (ah! cruel sisters three,
Harsh race ye be), that noble BACON died.
Now to the height our songs shall celebrate
Thy name, and ever keep thy mem'ry green.
Will not Minerva to thy genius grant
(She will not sure begrudge thy genius)
Those glorious monuments of Praise and Fame
Which all the Ages met in one will rear?

How learned, graceful, deep, and full a thing
Is thy great work—*The Instauration.*
How has it, by its light, dispelled the clouds
Of sophists, and their old worm-eaten books,
From Chaos bringing New Philosophy—
Philosophy from Chaos new-creating.
God by His potent hand revived and raised
A man's dead body from the sepulchre,
Therefore, O BACON, neither shalt thou perish.
From Death, from Darkness, and from Sepulchre,
GREAT INSTAURATION keeps thee ever sure."

—*R. C., Trin. Coll.*

Classical scholars, to whom we are deeply indebted for help and useful hints, have sent us the following notes:—

"*Tagus of oratory*" means *Leader of oratory.* Tagus is a Greek word in Latin letters, Tagos = a commander, arranger, organiser, leader," &c.

Another learned translator of the lines 8 and 9 is, however, of opinion that *Tagus* there does mean the river Tagus. Here again, then, we perceive one of the quibbles, confusing to the reader (and doubtless so intended), but which, when apprehended, are confirmatory of certain theories, and add to the pile of cumulative evidence which is based, not upon any of these verses, but upon far different foundations.

In the concluding lines happy use is made of Bacon's teaching in the "*Essay of Cupid.*"

"The particulars related by the poets of Cupid, or Love, do not properly agree to the same person; yet they differ only so far, that if the confusion of persons be rejected, the correspondence may hold. They say, that Love was the most ancient of all the gods, and existed before everything else except chaos, which is held coeval therewith. . . . . Love is represented absolutely without progenitor, excepting only that he is said to have proceeded from the Egg of Nox (Night); but that he himself begot the gods, and all things else, on chaos."

The object of Francis Bacon's Love was, we know, "The Beautiful Lady"—his "Sovereign Mistress," Truth; without whom he could not live, and whom, as he said, he would woo and win in the form of Natural Philosophy. The New Philosophy was no mere invention

of his own; it was drawn by pious and patient study of "the Two Books of God," from the Bible—the Book of God's will—and from Nature—the Book of God's works. Not from "the worm-eaten books" of the schoolmen, alluded to in the poem (the "*vermicular*" learning against which Bacon protests), but from the Word and Works of God Himself did our greatest poet draw his ideas, and the vital parts of his living and moving philosophy:—

"Philosophy from Chaos new creating."

He it was who, dispelling the clouds, "the gross vapours" of a night of darkness and ignorance, brought to the world the light of the Renaissance.

The stamp which adorns the bound volumes of BACONIANA shows, as on the reverse of a medal, the sun rising from behind a range of hills. This symbolic design is taken from the title-page of an old edition of Bacon's works: it shows how his friends identified him with the dawn of a new day. The portrait on the obverse, with a wide hat covering the brow, seems here, as elsewhere, to point to him as the concealed motive power in the great work.

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*To the Passenger, gazing on the Monument of the most learned Lord, Francis, Lord Verulam.*

"Dost thou suppose, O foolish Passenger,
That Phœbus' chorus, and the Muses' choir,
In frigid Marble is imprisoned?
Pass on; thou art deceived. E'en now, O James!
The Boar* of Verulam, thy greatest Star,
Is shining on Olympus'† golden Hill."

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*To the Illustrious Man, Francis Bacon, &c.*

There was an Englishman of old renowned,
Great Roger Bacon, who with pains and skill
Studied the ways of Nature and of Art,
Tracking their paths with ceaseless, breathless zeal.

* The Boar, crest of the Bacon family. See BACONIANA. Vol iv., p. 76.

† Observe, again, the reference to Mount Olympus, as on the Stratford monument. "*Olympus habet.*"

He joined together Optics, Chemistry,
Physics and Mathematics, too, he joined
Unto Perspective: this the brilliant work
Of his own mind. For ever will he live
In fame as brilliant as imperishing.
There was another Bacon most illustrious,
Ioannes, who interpreted the true
But hidden meaning of the Oracles
Enshrined in Holy Writ. What noble scions
This house of Bacon has to Britain given;
Men through the wide world famed. But now at length
It bears this FRANCIS. Was there e'er a man
Of nobler mind, greater capacities,
A richer flow of polished eloquence,
A mind more comprehensive and complete?
This do his writings teach, wherein he dares
To censure e'en the monumental works
Of ancient sages, and chastise their errors.
In one small book we see stupendous boldness:
The *Instauration*, *History of the Winds*,
The Image that he draws of *Life and Death!*—
Who e'er unravelled with a loftier soul
The mysteries of Nature and the Arts?
Nor need I number the illustrious works
Which he has left behind. *Some buried lie;*
But Rawley, his "Achates" ever true,
Has given leave that some may see the light."

Can anyone pass these last four lines without inquiry, or effort to ascertain what works were they which at the time when these verses were printed (1620—1626) *lay buried?* Where are the manuscripts which Francis Bacon entrusted to the charge of his "faithful Achates," Dr. William Rawley? In that same collection we should expect to find the original copies of these memorial verses.

The somewhat occult allusion which compares Bacon to Ioannes tends to confirm a conclusion arrived at by some amongst us, that our poet-theologian was the first who endeavoured to interpret the mysterious symbols and utterances of the Apocalypse. The allusion may, however, be more general, and may refer to his fixed and ever present belief that "every good gift cometh from the Father of Lights," and that by God's help all things are possible to him who believes them possible.

*On the Death of the Lord Francis Bacon, Historian of Life and Death.*

" Thyself Historian of Life and Death,
Thou should'st, O Bacon, late in life have died,
Or else for ever lived. Why dost thou bring
Such darkness, by th' extinction of thy life?
And why, since without thee we cannot live,
Dost thou, departing, also blot us out?
The life and death of each of us thou hast,
O Bacon! in thy writings chronicled;
But *of thine own life, or thy death, I ask,*
*What true, sufficient history has been writ?* *
Give place, ye Greeks, great Maro † e'en give way,
Foremost in history of Latium;
In speech, in writing most excelling; famed
In Council-Chamber as in Learning's Schools.
In arts of Mars (if Mars submit to Art)
He still excelled: a Demi-god in skill,
In every branch of knowledge, all pursuits
Which have a glorious title, he excelled.
Wealth he despises; *gold* he holds to be
Far lighter than the unsubstantial *air*.‡
The kingdoms of the world he quits for Heaven,§
And joyfully exchanges Earth for Stars."

—*E. F. Regal.*

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*Dirge on the Death of the Most Illustrious, Brilliant and Heroic Lord Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam.*

" Till now I thought that such a wealth of gifts
Could never co-exist in any man,
Or that they ne'er could perish. Such seemed those
With which thy life shone, like the heaven with stars,
And followed still thy train of destiny.
So great a mind! such flood of eloquence!

* We ask particular attention to the words in italics. It is hence seen that the history of Bacon's life and death were alike unchronicled.

† Virgil.

‡ There is here a Latin pun which cannot be rendered into English, between the words *aurum* (gold) and *aura* (air). Elsewhere we meet with a similar quibble between *aër* (the air) and *aes* (copper or money).

§ " I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow" (*Hamlet* ii. 2); and *comp.* Comenius of Coriolanus' contempt for wealth and grandeur (*Cor.* ii. 2).

The Jurist's fame, Philosopher's, no less!
But now I see that this was possible;
Yet (pardon me, my friends, for saying this)
I think that if he comes not back to us,
Neither will gifts like these be seen again."*

—*J. Vincent, Trin. Coll.*

*To the Same.*

" Some men believe that, being dead, they yet
Will live in Marble; that eternal fame
Is theirs by reason of their many works.
And others shine in brass, or blaze in gold,
And, self-deceiving, think to cheat the Fates.
Another sort of men, like Niobe,
Survive their numerous seed, and scorn the gods.
No lofty column doth proclaim thy glory
Nor on thy tomb read we—'*Stay passenger.*'†
Should any man desire perchance to trace
The parentage of this Great Progeny,
'Tis not corporeal, but, Minerva-like,
Sprung from the brain of Jupiter himself.
First a perpetual monument is found
In thine own virtue. Secondly, thy books
No sooner than thy virtue can decay;
Thirdly, we rank thy fame's nobility.
E'en now the Fates thy triumph do foretell.
Those Fates, O Francis, can but take thy clay;
Thy better part—Mind, Reason, and good name,
Survive the body gladly rendered up."

—*T. Vincent, Trin. Coll.*

* " He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."—*Hamlet* i. 2.

† Mr. Wigston points out to the Cryptographer that counting from the first word of this poem, the words in italics (*siste viator iter*), are, in the Latin original, the 51st, 52nd, and 53rd words. Upon the Stratford monument we read that Shakspere died in his 53rd year, and Mr. Wigston surmises that the words in italics have been purposely made to fall under the numbers 52 and 53 in order to furnish a cipher hint pointing to the monument. The number 53 is used in some editions of Bacon's works, and in the Shakespeare Folio of 1623 in peculiar ways, either as regards page numbers, or as italicised words in connection with important points. Mr. Wigston refers to his own works "*Hermet Stella*," and "*The Columbus of Literature*" for further elucidation on this subject. His theory is, that the numbers 52 and 53 stand as sign-posts pointing to something notable in connection with *the true Shakespeare.*

"In this poem," says Mr. Wigston, "there is a palpable allusion, by parallel, to the Shakespeare Monument at Stratford," where we read :—

> "*Stay Passenger*,* why dost thou go so fast?
> Read, if thou can'st, whom envious death hath plast
> Within this Monument. Shakespeare, with whom
> Quick Nature died, with all that he hath writ,
> Makes living art, but page to serve his wit."

The final words of this poem echo the thought in Sonnet 74 :—

> "When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
> The earth can have but earth which is his due;
> *My spirit is thine, the better part of me.*"

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*On the Death of the Same.*

"If thou should'st seek, O Bacon, to reclaim
All thou hast given to Poesy and the world,
Or should'st thou wish their creditor to be,
Then Love—the whole wide world—Jove's treasuries—
The vault of Heaven—Prayer—Song—Incense of Praise—
E'en Grief itself shall fail, and bankrupt be.

What can craft do, or envious lapse of Time?
Perchance malicious Envy yet may cease,
O Bacon! but thy happy memory
Must be maintained; and sure it will be so,
For Ah! tis true that Nature nothing has
That can repay the debts we owe to thee."

---

*On the Death of the Incomparable Francis Visct. St. Alban, Baron of Verulam.*

"How long hast thou been forced to sigh beneath
The burden of a wasting, slow disease,
Whilst life with faltering steps still clung to thee!
Now I perceive in this the Fates' design;
For surely April only, is the month
In which thou couldest die; that thus with tears
Of flowers and with nightingale's laments
Thine obsequies may be accompanied
By rites, accordant with thine eloquence."

—*George Herbert.*

* See Note on p. 19.

Note that Shakespere, as well as Bacon, is said to have died in the month of April—a month recognised as the emblem of Spring, Resurrection, Revival, the Renaissance. The allusion is made plainer by the introduction of the nightingale (*Philo mela*, the lover of song). Goorge Herbert seems to us to have adopted this emblematic allusion to the Poet's peculiar genius from Bacon himself, and from the symbolism which he taught to his disciples.

We would also ask attention to the description given here, and in the lines of Thomas Rhodes, of Bacon dying under a lingering disease or through many illnesses. It will be seen that another poet repeats this particular; but what are we to conclude from these records when we meet with one, such as the following, wherein the writer, G. Nash, challenges men to say that Francis Bacon has *not* been permitted to number *eighty Decembers*, at the same time likening him in age to Nestor? Nestor—whose very name is almost a proverb, to express the greatest wisdom *in the most aged frame*—"Venerable Nestor," "most reverend Nestor," "Old Nestor," "*one that was a man when Hector's grandsire suck'd*," these are Shakespeare's words, they never yet were held unfitting words, but are they words fit to be applied to Bacon, if he truly died, as we are usually informed, at the too early age of sixty-five?*

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*On the Death of the Incomparable Francis of Verulam.*

"Whoso denies that thou hast numbered
Eighty Decembers, must thy face have scanned,
But not thy books. For if high qualities,
If Pallas' wreaths on man could years bestow,
Thou would'st exceed by far, old Nestor's age.
If this thy looks disclaim or fail to show,
Thy wisdom of the Ancients will suffice.
To live, and heap up ages, like the crow,
Is not for man—yet haply may he see
Fruition of his long and well-spent days."

—*G. Nash, Aul. Pembroke.*

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*On the Death of the Most Noble Francis of Verulam, &c.*

"At length thou'rt passed away! Death triumphs joyfully.
'None greater than this Man,' says he, 'could I lay low.'

* See on this question BACONIANA, Vol. iii., p. 15.

By bold Achilles' hand, and with unaided might,
The great-souled Hector mangled was, and slain,
So, by one blow, great Cæsar fell and died.
But Death to thee dealt out a thousand illnesses,
A thousand murd'rous shafts, and had it not been so,
Can one believe that else thou should'st have died?"

—*Thos. Rhodes, Coll. Regal.*

---

*An Address of Consolation to the Two Universities.*

" O sisters! had our mutual prayers availed
(But ah! our plaint has come before its day),
Between us there would be a strife in love,
For rivalry in love is oft concealed.
We each would win our friend back by our tears,
Thee, Bacon, true Apollo that thou art!
Thy country's Darling! What could Nature show,
Or Virtue's store produce, greater than THOU?
From Nature and from Virtue hast thou drawn
Perpetual fruits of thine immortal Name—
When wisest men first studied thy works
They swore that thou alone wast fit to speak.
Too long the fatal three have let him stay,
A self-denial they not oft permit—
He sure was worthy Heaven, but is it sin
To pray that such a man as he should still remain?
How happy is our lot! it is no crime
But rather our good fortune and our crown
That we did know thee, and can mourn thy death.
Ye sisters cease your tears and sad laments,
The funeral pyre cannot contain him all.
Both yours and ours he was; hence comes the rivalry—
Which of us two bears him the greater love?
Our grief is common. Could so great a ruin
Fall to the ground? Or could it only lie
On one small spot? Surely this could not be."

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# NUMBERS TEN AND ELEVEN.

## Francis Bacon's Cipher Signature.

THERE are some who follow with interest the minute observations which, like the pebbles dropped by the lost children in the Fairy Tale, we at intervals let fall. These detached observations serve to guide us through a wood of difficulties, making its tangled paths by degrees familiar and passable.

Such more curious readers will remember a short paper entitled, "Number Eleven," * wherein attention was drawn to certain regular irregularities observable in most books of the Elizabethan and later ages, and we may add, still used by "Freemason," "Occultist," or "Rosicrucian" † firms of printers at the present day.

A plate of examples from 26 books, or sections of books, accompanies the paper referred to; it is, therefore, needless to recapitulate the means by which Number 11 is variously marked. When that article was written the purpose of such "errors" remained inscrutable, and the writer confessed: "We have no explanation to offer, but philosophy begins in wondering, and the first step towards knowledge is to know that there is something to be known."

Happily, from an unexpected quarter, the knowledge has come; and to make all clear, we repeat the Footnote on p. 70—"*Page 10 should also be noticed, but for the sake of simplicity, we prefer, at first, to focus attention upon Number 11.*" In fact, the varieties in Tens, though more difficult to produce, are almost as many as in the Elevens, but less noticeable, from the difference in form of **1** and **0**, whereas any difference between two figures **1**, placed side by side, catches even an inobservant eye.

Amongst the Lambeth MSS. is a remarkable French letter written in cipher (*figures*), and very difficult to interpret, even using the invaluable hints left by that expert of experts, the late Mr. Bidder. At present, however, we have to do, not with the letter as a whole, but with certain particulars disclosed in the process of deciphering.

First, then, and doubtless in order to make confusion worse con-

* Baconiana, Vol. III., p. 70, No. 10, July, 1895.

† It is still a question by what term we should describe these high, literary, scientific, religious Baconians. Let this matter be "inquired."

founded for the unwelcome decipherer, there are in this letter three distinct codes—two or three ways at least by which all the more frequent letters are expressed—and symbols of one or more figures expressing whole words.* Moreover, the spelling is sometimes phonetic, and in many instances similar sounds—labials, dentals, sibilants—are (as is common in old writings, and in other ciphers) interchangeable. Thus, **B** and **P**—**C K Q**—**C S Z**—**F V**—**I J Y**—**V U W**, frequently have the same symbols or numbers to represent them.

The three codes are as follows:—(1) Figures *dotted*. (2) Figures with a line or dash above. (3) Figures unmarked.

The letter *a*, for instance, has the symbol 8 with a dot above, also 13 without dot. 8 with a dash above is also *a*, but in this case it represents the French preposition *à* (at). Yet even here, in order to prevent the sense from being reached through a visible repetition of the word, a change of the symbol is arranged. In a sentence conveying the order that a certain "confident" is to be directed "here and to Twickenham Park"—"*à ici, et à Tvvicnam Parc*"—the first à is represented by 5 with a dot, but the second à is written 8 with a line or dash above. Elsewhere the third person singular of the verb *Avoir, to have*, is represented by 81 with dash above; thus 74 81 = "*il a*." The same principle is throughout the letter, though with misleading deviations, well followed.

The letter-writer informs Anthony Bacon that "25 11† praises us over and over again for past services," and presently that "25 11" has promised to give orders for the safe passage of a "Mr. Bacoun Gordon," and yet again, that "25 11 desires very expressly that all shall be managed with the utmost possible discretion, secrecy, and diligence." The question remains, Who is 25 11?

It would have been comfortable could we have at once decided that the symbols stood for Francis Bacon. Whom but he have we ever found at the bottom of similar contrivances and mysteries? But the

* Conjunctions, prepositions, pronouns, adverbs, and proper names are often thus expressed.

† It may be proper to note that these figures as written in the cipher letter resemble an italic *y*, they are, in fact, *i j*, as so often No. 11 is written in old books. Some day we hope to be able to reproduce this curious and enigmatical letter at full length, if interest is awakened on the subject.

first words containing an *f*—"*chifare*," "*defense*," "*indefatigable*"—are all ciphered with a dotted 2 ; and in the words "*fus*" and "*fait*" the symbol 22 is used for *f*. These same symbols, and also 18, also stand for *f* in the words "*favoriser*," "*fugitif*," and "*confident*." In the word "*affaire*," the first *f* is 22, and the second is 18.

As has been already said, F and V, or U, are interchangeable; hence, when we came upon 10 and 25 standing for v and u in the words "*vos*," "*quelque*," "*jusque*," and "*massure*," it seemed pretty certain that those numbers which stand for V stand also for **F**.

Happily in the name of "*Mr. Bacoun Gordon*" (whosoever he may have been) Number **11** is found standing for **B**.

Here then, two difficulties seem to be mastered :—

(1.) 25 11 = F. B.; or, because the couples of figures have a long mark over each—(*such a mark indicating a whole word*)—25 11 means "Francis Bacon."

(2.) Since 10 and 11 signify the initials or the full name of Francis Bacon, we take those marked page-numbers in Baconian books to be signatures, or private stamps, intended to identify the Author of the book.

One other suggestive point comes out with regard to Number **11**—*without the line above*, it signifies **O** = a cipher. It is difficult to believe this accidental when we remember Bacon's own remarks about ciphers, *in their relation to figures*. In the *Essay of Ambition*, he says :—

"He that plots to be *the only figure amongst ciphers** is the decay of an age;" and conversely he that accepts the humble office of *a cipher amongst figures* may do a great work with "imaginary forces" and may multiply indefinitely the weak and microscopic efforts of figures "standing in rich places." His work was not "for the decay of an age" but for all time.

> "Since a crooked figure may
> Attest in a little place a million ;
> . . . Let us like ciphers to this great accompt
> On your imaginary forces work."†

* *A great man amongst nonentities.* Francis Bacon concealed himself, and reduced himself to the "the cipher, which standing lowest, *multiplies* many thousands more which go before it." See *Winter's Tale* i. 2.

† *Henry V.* i., *Chorus.*

There seems to be an allusion of the same kind in the speech of the Fool in *Lear* i. 4. "Thou art an **O** without a figure. I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art Nothing."

Our theories are stated, are they confirmable by other evidence? So it seems, and to this end let us read the following paragraph in the French letter:—

"Pour repouse à vos dernieres (lettres) au Mesnagier et à moi, vous pourrez voir aussi clair que le jour, tant par celles que **xxi.** vous a ecrit de sa propre main, come ici le contenue le presente, qu'il me prie et charge," &c.

Another question—Who is xxi. who gives orders and "charges" for secrecy, discretion, and diligence in the unnamed work in which all alike are engaged? The answer seems to be mathematical:—

$10 \times 11 = 21 =$ **xxi.** $=$ **Francis Bacon.**

Here are a few more strands to strengthen the thread of argument which we spin.

If we turn to the Comedies, besides those in which occur the marked 10 and 11, we find the same class of "errors" upon which we have been commenting. Other curious particulars mixed up with these must for the present be passed over; there will be less confusion if we stick to our text.

*The Two Gen. Verona.*—Here the last two pages are headed, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, pages 37 and 38.

$3+7=10=$ **F.** $\quad 3+8=11=$ **B.** $=$ **F.B.**

*The Merry Wives* starts on p. 39, and continues orderly to p. 49, followed by 58 and 51, then continuing 52 to 58, and again 51. Here we observe that 50 has been twice missed; *it is a marked number.* The Play ends p. 60, and *Measure for Measure* begins p. 61.

$60 \div 50 = 10$ **F.** $\quad 61 \div 50 = 11 =$ **B.** $=$ **F.B.**

*Meas. for Meas.* begins p. 61 and the numbers are continuous (though erratically printed) unto the end of the *Comedy of Errors* facing p. 1 of *Much Adoe*, 100 and 101.

But in *Meas. for Meas.*, although the page numbers are regular, there are strange things in the "tail words," or 'catch words" of some pages. See p. 72. The catch-

word is supposed to be an abbreviation of the name of one of the characters, "*Elbow.*" Compare it with an abbreviation of the same word at the top of p. 73. In the former case it is printed 8l6, in the latter Elb. Now the former (p. 72), we take to be a *reversed* **3**, a **1**, and a **6**.

$3+1+6=10=\mathbf{F}.$
page 74 is $7+4=11=\mathbf{B}.$ } $=\mathbf{F.B.}$

But look also at the catchword of this p. 74. It passes for the word *Actus* on the next page, but it consists of three clear letters, **A**, **E**, **D**,—and then, confusion. On the wheel alphabet, **A**, **E**, **D** are equal to **154**. $1+5+4=10$. **F**.

On p. 75 (*Measure for Measure*) the italic letters of the catch-word are *A b h* = 128. $1+2+8=11=\mathbf{B}.$ Thus again, **F.B.**

From the beginning of the *Tempest* to the end of the *Comedie of Errors*, and p. 1 of *Much Adoe*, the pagination is regular to 100 and 101, and as it would be impossible to explain the calculations in the rest of the "*Comedies*" without entering too far into other kinds of ciphering, we pass to the "*Histories.*"

*King John* has pages 10 and 11 as usual printed crookedly = 10 and 11, **F.B.**; the numbers are in proper order until in

*Rich. II.*—We reach p. 36, followed by
**39**, *which is truly* p. **37**. $3+7=10=\mathbf{F}.$
The next page is **38**, $3+8=11=\mathbf{B}.$ } **F.B.**
and then 39 recurs.

1 *Hen. IV.* begins p. 46, *falsely followed by* **49**. This useful "error" serves to draw attention to the true numbers.

$4+6=10=\mathbf{F}.$ $4+7=11=\mathbf{B}.$ $=\mathbf{F.B.}$

The pagination continues discreetly to err, until it reaches the end of

2 *Hen. IV.*, which ends with the marked figures $10^{\circ}$, $1_{\circ}1$,* = **F. B.**

* 101 is not printed in the "Staunton" *facsimile*, but it is to be seen in the "Halliwell Phillips" *facsimile*, where it appears as if photographed from a copy in which the figures were put in (large and small), by some penman—(Freemason ?)—who understood the matter.

2 *Hen IV.* begins *incorrectly* p. **74**. $7+4=11=$**B.** } =**F. B.**
The play ends p, **10**$^{o}$. $=10=$**F.** } 1o1 is the Epilogue.

*Hen. V.* (after p. 101) begins, *falsely*, with **69**, and the numbers run thence consecutively to the end of

1 *Hen. VI.*, which concludes with pp. **118, 119.**

$1+1+8=10=$**F.** $1+1+9=11=$**B.** $=$**F. B.**

2 *Hen. VI.* continues the fictitious pagination from pp. 120, 121 (printed crookedly so as to exclude the 2, and to disclose 10 and 11). The play ends with pp. **145, 146.**

$1+4+5=10=$**F.** $1+4+6=11=$**B.** $=$**F. B.**

3 *Hen. VI.* continues falsely—147 to **172** facing the first page of *Rich. III.* **173.**

$1+7+2=10=$**F.** $1+7+3=11=$**B.** $=$**F. B.**

*Hen. VIII.* follows *Rich. III.* with the false pagination. In 210 and 211, the 10 and 11 are, as usual, distinguished. But at 215 the pagination is falsified anew, apparently in order to produce another 10, 11. After p. 215 follow **218, 217**, *the order being inverted.*

$2+1+8=11=$**B.** $2+1+7=10=$**F.** $=$**F. B.**

Were the pages of *Troylus and Cressida* numbered consecutively (after *Hen. VIII.*), the first two pages would be **234** and **235.** But there are only three printed numbers to the pages of this play, and the first of these (**79**) falls upon the *true* page **235.** The second (false) number **80** is on page **236**, and the third (false) number **82** is on page **238.**

We have formed no perfect rule with regard to the use of these false numbers, but the following particulars seem worthy of note.

If we take the three *true* page' numbers, and deduct from them the three *false* numbers, we have the following results:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Page 1, *Tr. Cres.*:— | $234\div79=155.$ | $1+5+5=11=$**B.** | **B.** |
| „ 2 „ „ | $235\div80=155.$ | $1+5+5=11=$**B.** | |
| „ 1 „ „ | $234\div80=154.$ | $1+5+4=10=$**F.** | **F.** |
| „ 3 „ „ | $236\div82=154.$ | $1+5+4=10=$**F.** | |

*Coriolanus* begins again with page 1, and the numbers continue through *Titus Andronicus* and *Romeo and Juliet* to page **76**, followed by **79.** These pages numbered from the *true* page **235** (*false* **79**) in

*Troylus and Cressida* should be respectively **261** and **262**. As for the **79** in *Rom. Jul.*, it has only become so by a page being left blank and unnumbered between *Tr. Cr.* and *Coriol.* *The number* **79** *should be* **80**. Now, if we subtract this false number **80** (printed 79) from the *true* numbers **261** and **262**, we have the following results:—

$$\left.\begin{array}{ll} 261\div 80=181. & 1+8+1=10=\mathbf{F}. \\ 262\div 80=182. & 1+8+2=11=\mathbf{B}. \end{array}\right\} =\mathbf{F.\ B.}$$

*Tymon of Athens* begins with 80 (*doubly false*), goes on to 82, and then returns to 81, 82, thus introducing two extra numbers, so that this play, which *seems* to end on page **98**, followed by "The Actor's Names" on an unnumbered page, really ends on page **100**, followed by an unnumbered page, 101.

Further calculations on the numbers (false and true) in *Tymon of Athens* may be made, but we fear to weary, and pass on to *Hamlet*. Here the last three pages are numbered, **280**, **281**.

$$\left.\begin{array}{ll} (280)\ 2+8=10 & =\mathbf{F}. \\ (281)\ 2+8+1=11 & =\mathbf{B}. \end{array}\right\} =\mathbf{F.\ B.}$$

*Julius Cæsar* begins with pages **109**, **110**.

$$1+9=10=\mathbf{F}. \qquad 1+10=11=\mathbf{B}. \qquad =\mathbf{F.\ B.}$$

*Lear*. The last two pages are **38**, followed by **309**.

$$\left.\begin{array}{lll} 309\div 38=271. & 2+7+1=10=\mathbf{F}. \\ & 3+8 \quad =11=\mathbf{B}. \end{array}\right\} =\mathbf{F.\ B.}$$

The list might be prolonged, for these signatures seem to be in every play, although the devices for their introduction vary. If any plays be found without a signature, it will be interesting to note such, and to endeavour to trace the mark of some other author. For the present we may conclude with the last page of the "Shakespeare Folio of 1623." This page should be numbered **399**, but the figures are shifted as if to attract our attention, and stand thus: **993**. $9+9+3=\mathbf{21}$; and so we are brought back to the **xxi**. of Anthony Bacon's correspondent.

It is hoped that industrious readers will check these calculations by collation with a Staunton or Halliwell-Phillips *fac-simile* of the Shakespeare folio of 1623.

C. M. P.

# THE HISTORY OF LIFE AND DEATH.

## PART I.

THE interesting collation of passages from Bacon's Essays and from *Shakespeare*, on the subject of Death, upon which he so "often thought," inclines the present writer to hope that a similar collation, showing the application of his scientific studies to the descriptions of death-bed scenes, and the causes, approaches, and symptoms of Death and Decay in the plays, may prove of interest to some of our more thoughtful readers. For we know that subjects upon which Bacon thought, he also experimented upon, and subjects upon which he wrote, or upon which he expressed positive and clear-cut opinions, were subjects which he had so closely examined, as to ensure that the aphorisms which he constructed, and the figurative language with which he adorned them, should be "*drawn*," as he says, "*from the very centre of the sciences.*"

The great importance attached by the Author to this subject upon which he had so often thought, appears in his greeting "to the present and future ages," published in the same year as the *De Augmentis*, the *Shakespeare* plays, and the great book of Ciphers, entitled, *Gustavi Seleni Cryptographiæ*. This coincidence of remarkable publications prepares us to expect something noteworthy in the *History of Life and Death*, but the "greeting" still farther challenges attention by the statement that although this treatise had been intended to be placed *last* in order of his "six monthly designations" (or parts) of his short treatises on experimental Histories, yet "the extreme profit and importance of the subject, wherein the slightest loss of time should be accounted precious, has decided me to make an anticipation, and advance it into the *second* place."

The manner in which he explains his hope and desire that this will contribute to the common good, suggests that this work is *ambiguous*, aiming at analogies between things "higher" than mere physical treatment of diseases of the body, and at the discovery of a similar method for remedying the diseases of the mind and soul as that of which he elsewhere treats. "Through this (study of the History of Life and Death) *the higher physicians* will," he hopes, "*somewhat raise their thoughts, and not devote all their time to common cures, nor*

*be honoured for necessity only;* but that they will become the instruments and *renewers* of God's power and mercy in prolonging and renewing the life of man; the rather because *it is effected by safe, convenient, and civil, though hitherto unattempted methods.* For although we Christians ever aspire and pant after the land of promise, yet meanwhile it will be a mark of God's favour, if in our pilgrimage through this world these our shoes and garments (I mean our frail bodies) are as little worn out as possible."

This is hardly the introduction which we should expect to a treatise merely scientific, as this has been considered; rather it recalls the many places in which Bacon treats of the union of mind and body. of the mutual relation and analogies between things material and things spiritual—of "heaven and earth mingled." We shall, however, have more than enough to do in a few pages if we confine ourselves to an attempt to inquire "concerning that death which proceeds from bodily decay, and the atrophy of old age," and "concerning the last step of death, and the final extinction of life, which may happen in so many ways both external and internal, yet all which meet as it were in a common porch before they come to the point of death."

Disregarding for the present Bacon's "Particular Topics or Articles of Inquiry" concerning the nature of Durable and Non-Durable inanimate Bodies and Vegetables, the duration of life in beasts and men, the means of Nourishing living bodies and of Prolonging Life, the various ways of working upon the Spirits, the Blood, and the Juices of the Body, with other particulars involving the Doctrines of the Union of Soul and Body (nearly every particular being illustrated in the Plays), we pass with Bacon to "the inquiry concerning the Porches of Death, that is, of the things which happen to men both a little before and a little after the point of death; that seeing there are so many paths that lead to death, we may know what are the common issues of them all, especially in deaths caused rather by a destitution of nature than by violence, though of these some notice must be inserted by reason of their connection with the subject."

"The living spirit seems to require three things for its subsistence, namely, suitable motion, moderate coolness, and proper aliment."

He then contrasts Life with Flame, which requires only two of these—motion and aliment.

Passing to the Spirit, he finds that

"Blood or phlegm entering into the ventricles of the brain causes instantaneous death, since the spirit has not space to move.

"A violent contusion of the head likewise causes sudden death, the spirits being straightened in the ventricles of the brain."

*Shakespeare* is as well informed upon these matters as Bacon, and fully perceives that space and freedom of movement are needful for the perfect exercise of the functions of the vital spirits. We see how the scientific terms of the treatise are duly used by the pedant Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Nathaniel admires the "rare talent" of his friend displayed in the making of an "extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer."

"This is," says Holofernes, "a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish, *extravagant spirit*, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions, begot in the *ventricle of memory*."* Evidently this poetical gift was not "cabinned, cribbed, confined" in the brain of Holofernes, but had plenty of room to wander freely, and to perform motions and revolutions at will. Holofernes is also aware that his brain requires "*proper aliment*," nourishment, which he scientifically declares to be derived from the *pia mater*.

How many non-medical readers know what is the *pia mater?* We will quote a passage from Dr. Bucknill's work on the "Medical knowledge of *Shakespeare*," a book which would have been still more valuable had the passages now collected from Bacon's Works been printed with the Shakespearian Extracts. Scarcely any further commentary would have been required to exhibit the source of the knowledge displayed in the Plays.

"The *pia mater* is no part of the brain substance, but the vascular membrane by which the brain proper is closely invested, and *from which it is mainly nourished*. That part of the brain especially which modern science indicates as the organ of thought . . . is in immediate contact with the *pia mater, and derives all its nourishment therefrom*."

The writer then makes a statement in harmony with the belief that *Shakespeare* was the uneducated man supposed, but which may be disputed by those who believe that they are here considering the words of the Experimental Philosopher and Anatomist.

* *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2.

"The *pia mater*, therefore, is in very much the same anatomical relation to that portion of the brain in which thought is located, as the womb is to the embryo, and Shakespeare's assertion that the *pia mater* is the womb that nourishes thought is, therefore, in strict accordance with modern physiology. *It is only, however, within a quite recent date that these views, localising thought in the grey substance of the convolutions, have been established, or even suggested, and therefore the full truth of this remarkable expression must be accepted only as a happy accident.*"

A truly Shakespearean manner of settling questions which involve too great knowledge in the supposed poet! On the other hand, we say, "Let it be inquired" whether this discovery, like that other of the Circulation of the Blood, was not a discovery by Bacon which was intended to remain unpublished until further examined into and *proved* by one of those Sons of Science to whom he bequeathed, for the benefit of the Future Ages, the whole store of his experiments, discoveries, and incomplete theories and speculations?

In a further disquisition upon the two kinds of spirits which are in all animate bodies—lifeless spirits (namely, such as are in bodies inanimate)—and a living or vital spirit, Bacon says that "all the vital spirit is continued in itself by certain channels through which it passes, . . . and this spirit likewise is of two kinds, the one . . . *permeating through small thread-like channels*, and the other having a cell in which is the fountain of the *streamlets which diverge from thence.* This cell is chiefly in the ventricles of the brain, which in the lower animals are narrow . . . but the nobler animals, and man most of all, have larger ventricles." * This and much more, too long for quotation, reappears in *Coriolanus* i. 1, where Menenius, illustrating his arguments with the old parable of the belly and the members, enlarges the subject in true Baconian style—"note me this," "true it is," "fit it is:"—

> "Because I am the storehouse, and the shop †
> Of the whole body: but if you do remember
> *I send it through the rivers of your blood,*
> *Even to the court, the heart, the seat o' the brain:*
> *And through the cranks and offices of man.*

* *Hist. L. and D.* † *Promus and Condus.*

The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that general competency
By which we live!" *

"Opium and other strong narcotics," continues the *History*, "congeal the spirit, and deprive it of motion. A poisonous vapour that is directly hostile to the spirits causes sudden death, as in deadly poisons; . . . extreme *drunkenness* or *surfeiting*, the spirit being crushed, not so much by the malignity of the vapour . . . as by the quantity of it."

Of this we have illustrations in Lady Macbeth's plan for the murder of Duncan.

"His two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassail so convince
That Memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures *lie as in death*." †

Note how pressure on the brain from "strong narcotics" is here as in the treatise associated with the idea of *death*. And similarly in the next scene, Lady Macbeth says (fully understanding all about it, and using the very same word "*surfeit*" to increase the graphic effect of this study from "the centre of the sciences")—

"The *surfeited grooms*
Do mock their charge with snores: *I have drugged their possets*
*That death and nature do contend about them*,
Whether they live or die." ‡

Again we are told that extreme grief and fear, especially if sudden, as the news of unexpected misfortune sometimes produces sudden death, and "many have died from great and sudden joys;" but elsewhere we are shown how in this, as in fainting, the failure of pulsation in the heart is the cause. Many instances will occur to the recollection of the Shakespeare reader—as, for example, the fainting of Hermione at the news of the prince's death—

"This news is mortal to the queen,—Look down
And see what Death is doing." §

* *Cor.* i. 1. † *Macbeth* i. 7. ‡ *Macbeth* ii. 2. § *Winter's Tale* iii. 2, 147.

Again the "swooning" of some of those present at the death of the queen*—the exclamation of Cymbeline at the recovery of Imogen:—

> "If this be so, the gods do mean to *strike me*
> *To death with mortal joy.*" †

And Edgar's description of the death of his father, the Duke of Gloster:—

> "I asked his blessing, and from first to last
> Told him my pilgrimage; but *his flaw'd heart—*
> *Alack, too weak the conflict to support!*
> *'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy, and grief,*
> *Burst smilingly.*" ‡

Also the death of King Lear—

> *Edg.* "He faints! my lord, my lord!"
> *Kent.* "Break heart: I prithee, break." §

"To sum up the things required for life, they are room for the spirit to move in the ventricles of the brain; pulsation of the heart every third part of a moment; respiration, food . . . and there appear plainly to be three porches of death—namely, destitution of the spirit in the motion, refrigeration, and nourishment thereof."

Prospero feels the oppression of the brain which is produced by an overcrowding of thoughts, so that *the spirit has not room to move.* Being old, he feels it the more, and, being of Bacon's mind, he knows the beneficial effect of gentle exercise, and its "refreshment to the spirits," especially in suppressed joys and "turmoil and *vexation* of the spirits."

> "Sir, I am *vexed*,
> Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
> Be not disturbed with my infirmity;
> . . . A turn or two I'll walk
> To still my beating mind." ‖

The things required for life are well summed up in Friar Laurence's speech in *Romeo and Juliet* (iv. 1 Q.V.), where the cessation of pulsation, and of movement or power to move, and the coldness or "refrigeration" noted in the scientific work, are all reproduced in the

* *Winter's Tale* v. 2, 75. † *Cymb.* v. 5. ‡ *Lear* v. 3 (and see lines 182—205). § *Ib.* 312, 313. ‖ *Temp.* iv. 1.

poetry. It is curious to observe how closely the latter follows the former, not only in the general idea, but in particulars. Thus Bacon shows not only that the dead body does not move, but that it is *destitute of* the spirit which would enable it to do so. The Friar is made to say that in the borrowed likeness of "shrunk death," each part will be *deprived of* "supple government." Government by what? Surely by the mind which governs the motions of the body

Pulsation of the heart, breathing, warmth, motion—these, according to Bacon, are the invariable accompaniments of life. No pulse, no breath, no warmth, no power of moving, stiffness or rigidity and intense pallor, are the signs of death. If these were things generally known, and observed equally by everybody in Bacon's day, it is strange that he should have been at the pains to record them so particularly. There is no description of death in Shakespeare or in any of the Baconian plays, which fails to include some or all of these signs.

Let us now turn for a few minutes to consider and compare passages which concern the

### Symptoms of Approaching Death.

"There are two precursors of death—the one sent from the head, the other from the heart—namely, *convulsions*, and extreme labour of the pulse; that deadly hiccough is itself a kind of convulsion. But this labouring of the pulse has a remarkable quickness, because on the point of death the heart trembles so violently that contraction and dilation are almost confounded. But, together with this quickness, there is a feebleness and lowness and often a greater intermission in the pulse, the motion of the heart failing, and being no longer able to recover itself stoutly and regularly."—*Hist. Life and Death: The Porches* 29.

> "I have *tremor cordis* on me; my heart dances
> But not for joy."—*W. T.* i. 2.

This is not of the trembling of death, but of unnatural excitement and anger, which Bacon says is chiefly seen "in sick folks" and weak folks. Here are other passages nearer the mark:—

> "*In my heart there was a kind of fighting*
> *That would not let me sleep*

Thou would'st not think, *how ill all's here*
*About my heart . . .*
The potent poison quite o'er crows my spirit;
I cannot live . . . *he has my dying voice . . .*
*Now cracks a noble heart!* "—*Ham.* v. 2.

The image of death, we see, conjures up with the poet all these allied thoughts of the convulsive labouring of the heart, combined with the "motion of its failing under the strain put upon it." And we get the same in *Macbeth*, where the horrible suggestion of the evil one "*doth*," *says the wicked yet remorseful king*,

"Unfix my hair,
*And make my seated heart knock at my ribs*
*Against the use of nature.*"—*Macbeth* i. 3.

And in *King John* we have the action of the pulse especially noticed in connection with the death of Prince Arthur of Brittany.

"Why do you bend such solemn brows on me? . . .
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?"—*John* iv. 2.

"The immediate signs which precede death are (1) great restlessness and tossing of the body, (2) *fumbling of the hands*, (3) hard clutching and grasping, (4) teeth firmly set, (5) a hollow voice, (6) trembling of the lower lip, (7) pallor of the face, (8) *a confused memory*, (9) loss of speech, (10) cold sweats, (11) elongation of the body, (12) raising up the whites of the eyes, (13) alteration of the whole countenance, (14) *the nose becoming sharp*, (15) the eyes hollow, (16) and the cheeks sinking in, (17) contraction and rolling of the tongue, (18) *coldness in the extremities*, (19) a shrill cry, (20) thick breathing, (21) falling of the lower jaw, and the like."—*Hist. L. and D.* 316.

Mrs. Quickly says, in describing the death of Falstaff:—

"After I saw him *fumble with the sheets*, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for *his nose was as sharp as a pen*, and a babbled of green fields. . . . So a' bade me *lay more clothes upon his feet.* I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and *they were cold as any stone;* then I felt to his knees, and they were *as cold as any stone*, and so upwards and upward, and all was as *cold as any stone.*"

Mrs. Quickly's observations we see accord with Bacon's in the particulars numbered 2, 8, 14, 18, the "*fumbling*" of the sheets and the *sharpness of the nose* being peculiarly striking in the two passages.

In 2 *Henry VI.* iii. 2 we are presented with a painful picture of the murdered Duke of Gloucester. Warwick has witnessed many natural deaths, and gives as the chief signs of such deaths the *ashy paleness* and *leanness* which are particularised in Nos. 7, 15, and 16. He further accounts for the pallor as Bacon does in the "Natural History," p. 713: "The paleness is caused for that through the flight of the spirits upward, the outward parts are left destitute, and not sustained."

The language, too, in which the poet describes the *conflict* which the heart holds with its *enemy* death (when the heart calls to the rescue the blood which there cools and never again returns to the cheek) cannot fail to bring to our minds the description of the effect of deadly narcotics and poisons which "*congeal*" the spirit, are "directly *hostile*" and "strike the spirit with such aversion that it will no longer rise against so deadly an *enemy*."

*War.* "See how the *blood is settled in his face.*
Oft have I seen a timely parted ghost
*Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,*
*Being all* descended to the *labouring heart,*
Who, in *the conflict* that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst *the enemy;*
Which, with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again."

From these symptoms of a natural death, Warwick turns to the contemplation of a violent one, where the blood remains in the face, and natural actions are distorted and exaggerated.

"But see, his face is black and *full of blood,*
*His eyeballs farther out than when he lived,*
*Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man,*
*His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling;*
*His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasp'd*
*And tugg'd for life and was subdued.*"

Here we see the natural symptoms enumerated in Nos. 2, 3, 7, and 15, either reversed or turned from weak spasmodic movements to violent strife between the actions of life and death. Bacon, in the

"Natural History," goes on to account for "the standing upright of the hair," noted by Warwick: "It is caused for that by shutting the pores of the skin, the hair that lieth aslope must rise. . . . Pain causeth distorting of the face, grinding of the teeth. . . . This distorting of the face is caused by a *contention* (*note the word "conflict" in the poetry*) first to bear and resist, and then to expel." *

The same scene in *Henry VI.* which describes the appearance of the murdered Duke gives also a picture of signs of approaching death in his murderer :—

> "Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death;
> For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
> *That makes him gasp and stare and catch the air*,
> Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
> Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
> Were by his side," &c.

Here again the fumbling with the sheets, playing with flowers, and babbling of green fields are exchanged for violent and agonised actions and for harrowing visions in the "confused memory." Beaufort in his ravings seems to see his victim—

> "Comb down his hair: look! look! it stands upright."

He, like Warwick, has observed the standing up of the hair when the mind is in a state of horror. A terrible picture of the ghastly death of the wicked man, gasping, staring, clutching the air, raving and blaspheming as he "whispers to his pillow the secrets of his o'er-charged soul." Surely this is no mere picture of a death-bed scene; it is a sermon, a treatise on holy living and dying, an illustrated essay by one who had often thought upon death, and who for the good man found it "the least of evils." None but a profound student of the "Doctrine of the Human Soul," as well as of the "Doctrine of the Human Body," could have written these powerful lines.

Warwick, watching the dying man, observes, with Bacon, "the alteration of the whole countenance" (13). But again we note that here *the alteration amounts to distortion*, "caused" as we have already learnt from the "Natural History," "by a contention to resist and expel."

* "Natural History," p. 713, 714.

"See how the pangs of death do *make him grin* . . .
So bad a death argues a monstrous life."

Yet one more touch taken from Bacon's scientific notes—namely, in "the raising up the whites of the eyes" (12), (a distressing effect which necessitates the closing of them in death)—is to be found in the speech of the king which follows.

That the king's thonghts are fixed rather on the spiritual than on the physical side of this sad scene appears in the kindly, philosophic, truly Christian words with which the poet concludes the painful episode :—

"Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all,
*Close up his eyes*, and draw the curtain,
And let us all to meditation."

*(To be continued.)*

## ANTHONY BACON—WAS HE A POET?

### Tributes to Him Amongst the Tennison Papers at Lambeth.

NOW, when interest has been awakened in regard to the many tributes paid in prose and verse to the memory of the Great Master, Francis Bacon, it behoves us to take care lest the memory of the elder brother Anthony be consigned to darkness and oblivion. Justice must be done to this "deerest brother," "Antonie, my comfort and consorte," of whom some remarkable things have been said, who may have been as a star to a sun when compared to his more brilliant and gifted brother, but who was in all probability of untold use to him, in collecting materials for his writings, plots for his plays, and studies of character, especially from low life. Or he may even have written whole pieces, first sketches, and books which Francis may have "stuffed full," polished, and published in after times. We read of the "twins," writers in the reign of Elizabeth; may these have been the brothers described as "twins in mind though not in age?" Was Anthony the true *Ben Jonson?* perhaps the original *Montaigne?* Was he the greatest of the *minor* Elizabethan Poets? These questions must not be shirked, they must be faced and answered.

Let us begin by gathering from authentic MSS., and from standard

books, the few, but suggestive facts, which are all that we yet possess about Anthony.

"From notices scant but clear of the Lord Keeper's (*Sir Nicholas Bacon's*) household, we may see the two boys growing up together; both gentle and susceptible in genius; as strong in character as they were frail in health. . . . These children lived in the hurry and vicinity of great events. When Anthony was eleven, and Francis nine years old, there opened at York House (*their own home*) the famous conferences on Mary's complicity in Darnley's death; only two years later the Duke of Norfolk, sentenced by his peers for treason, was conveyed from Westminster to the Tower past the garden stairs, the headsman standing in the barge, his uplifted axe turned towards the Duke. . . . At twelve years old Francis and Anthony were sent up to Cambridge, where they entered as fellow-commoners of Trinity College, of which John Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was then master. The boys seem to have resided in his house. From him they learned what he had to teach, though little Anthony paid more for pills and potions, for meat from the Dolphin tavern, and for Dr. Hatcher's drugs, than for Latin and Greek." *

On leaving college, Anthony was entered as an "ancient" of Gray's Inn, but when he was about twenty years of age the home at York House was broken up by the death of Sir Nicholas; Lady Anne retired to Gorhambury (St. Albans); Francis unwillingly betook himself to the law; and Anthony started for the Continent. His immediate object is left hazy; but he went to Paris, Geneva, Bourdeaux, and Bearn, "now discussing politics with William Parry, now cracking jokes with Michael de Montaigne, or gaily carousing with the courtiers of Henri of Navarre, from which places he sent home to Walsingham and Burghley notes on parties and politics, showing the most subtle insight and capacity for so young a man." †

Upon the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, Lady Anne petitioned Elizabeth to command Anthony's return, lest the news should reach

* Hepworth Dixon's "Story of Lord Bacon's Life," ii. 21, 22; from *Athenæ Cantabs.* ii. 314; Mignet's "Life of Mary Queen of Scots"; State Trials i. 958; Lady A. Bacon's Letters.

† Hepworth Dixon's "*Story*," pp. 27, 28; from *Athen. Cantab.* ii. 314. Lambeth MSS. 640—650. Lansdowne MSS. xliii. 43. Pearce's "Inns of Court," 358.

and exasperate the Roman Catholic Courts. By this time, however, he had left Bourdeaux and the society of Montaigne for Montauban, the house of Philip de Mornay, and the head-quarters of the Huguenot party. Mme. de Mornay seems to have desired that Anthony should marry her daughter, but partly from a roving mercurial temper, partly in order to reserve Gorhambury for Francis, he set his face against marriage.* Mme. de Mornay, much displeased, then persuaded her husband to withhold a sum of money consigned to him for Anthony's use, and but for the kindness of the Bishop of Cahors, who lent him 1000 crowns, he might have starved at Bourdeaux, or been compelled to marry Mademoiselle.

In return for the Bishop's kind offices Anthony offered to solicit his uncle, Lord Burleigh, for the release of two Roman Catholic priests then detained in an English prison. But his messenger, on reaching London with a budget of news and a note on behalf of these priests, was also lodged in jail, for Mme. de Mornay had sent word to Lady Anne, who (ever trembling for the faith of her sons) persuaded Burleigh "to lay up the rogue who dared to bring him such a message out of France."

Meanwhile Anthony, after the quarrel with Mme. de Mornay, had returned to Bourdeaux, "the sunny home of his friend Montaigne." But again he was assailed for having procured the discharge from prison of his agent, Standen, suspected of being a Jesuit spy. The suspicion was not unreasonable; for Standen was a Roman Catholic, travelling and gathering information on matters of Church and State, but with no ostensible business, and under a variety of aliases. He was imprisoned and released under the name of Andrieu Sandal.

Lady Anne's alarm was increased on hearing of this episode. Again she summoned Anthony to return home. He did so, and having been long employed by and unpaid in the public service, he now besought his uncle for a place. "Clever, passionate, inventive, like his brother Francis, Anthony had none of that brother's patience. Burghley feared all rapid action, and distrusted all brilliant men . . . the impetuous youth must wait."†

* "*Story*," 37, 38. (He may have been moved by higher and still more unselfish motives.)

† *Story*," p. 41. One is disposed to stop and question why Anthony should be here described as "inventive?"

Passing on, we find Anthony and Francis drawn to side with Essex in a dispute about an appointment which they all considered should have been bestowed upon Thomas Bodley, but which Burghley gave to his own son, Robert Cecil.

"Travel, and association with men, had made Anthony tolerant, just as profound study and reflection had made Francis tolerant of religious creeds. . . . The Queen's young kinsman seemed to share their tolerant spirit . . . the brothers believed, as they had every reason to believe, that in entering the service of Essex they would be placing themselves on the true side in politics, and in the position for most efficiently serving their country and their Queen. Thus Francis became his lawyer and man of political business, Anthony his secretary and foreign correspondent. These services not only entailed upon the brothers much labour, but led them into expenses which they ought to have been repaid. No salary had been fixed for Francis; Anthony was to have had £1,000 a-year, a sum which Sir Henry Wooton (also one of the Earl's secretaries) supposed was paid. They never could get a penny of their wages." *

The few glimpses afforded of Anthony's character are very attractive. Hot-tempered and impatient, he seems to have been, but withal warm-hearted, zealous, generous to a fault, totally unselfish and careless of his own interests, so long as he might forward the projects, and relieve the anxieties of that beloved younger brother. "All the notes from Francis to his mother, in the autumn of 1593, relate the sad romance of brotherly love and debt." †

The "straits," "necessities," "difficulties" and debts, which are so frequently mentioned in the correspondence of the brothers, have led to the conclusion that the two young men were extravagant. But Dr. Rawley explains that Sir Nicholas laid by "a considerable sum of money with intention to have made a competent purchase of land for the livelihood of his youngest son, . . . but the said purchase being unaccomplished at his father's death, there came no greater share to him than his single part and portion of the money dividable amongst five brethren." The three half-brothers and Anthony were all separately provided for, Francis, the favourite son, was left poor.

Letters at Lambeth leave no doubt as to the way in which Anthony

* *Story*," p. 53. † *Ib.* 81.

spent his money; not in selfish luxury, but in travelling, corresponding, and paying secret agents in France, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and Holland; paying them to do we know not precisely what, but paying them partly as reporters or "intelligencers," partly as agents for the printing and publication of books. Such things require much money, and we may be sure that the business, whatever it was, well repaid the labour and expense, or Anthony would not have been content to furnish the needful funds without so much as a grumble.

Neither can we believe that Essex was the sole or chief cause of these outgoings of money. Perhaps business for him was made the pretext for much else. At any rate it is certain that they bore with equanimity the deficits in their payments, and that the estate at Twickenham, which in 1595 was "enfeoffed" by Essex to Francis, was to be considered as a compensation for the failure of Essex to procure for Francis the Attorney-Generalship which he had been over confident in requesting from the Queen. The Twickenham property was afterwards sold for £1,800, not one third of the sum to which (if reckoned as remuneration for work done) the two secretaries were entitled, both as salary and for the payment of expenses during a period of three or four years.

This matter would not be worth mentioning, but that a charge against Francis for "base ingratitude" to Essex, seems to be based chiefly upon this gift of land "munificently" bestowed upon him by the Earl.*

Henceforward Essex became an increasing anxiety to the brothers, and Lady Anne could not, in her letters to her sons, repress her feelings with regard to his conduct, and the irregularities of his private life. She even wrote to the Earl himself, "exhorting him to lead a worthier life; to which he answered that he would, and before the ink was dry in his pen, he fell back into his ancient riot."†

In a letter to Anthony,‡ Lady Anne expresses her "grief, which is great, about Essex," and her fears that worse will follow. In another letter she tells Anthony, "I am sorry that your brother with inward

* See for fuller and interesting particulars of Francis Bacon's resistance to the acceptation of this land, Hepworth Dixon's "*Story*," pp. 98, 99.

† "*Story*," p. 92. ‡ Lambeth MSS. Tennison Collection, fol. 171—223.

secret grief hindereth his health. Everybody saith he looketh pale and thin. . . . Yet though the Earl showed great affection, he marred all with violent courses. I pray God increase His fear in his heart, and a hatred of sin; indeed, halting before the Lord and backsliding are very pernicious. I am heartily sorry to hear how he sweareth and gameth unreasonably. God cannot like it." *

About this time, as we learn from Dr. Birch, Anthony began to find the service of the Earl a thankless task. As Essex could pay him no wages he had offered him board and lodgings at Essex House, and thither Anthony removed; but soon found that he had made a grave mistake. "Instead of lessening his expences, he had much increased them. Under the Earl's roof he expected shelter and cheer, if not money; he found an empty chamber to lodge in; no wine, no food, not even a fire . . . he was compelled to send out for coals on his own account, and the table spread by his cook he often had to share with his own guests." No wonder that Lady Anne was justly vexed with the mercurial Anthony for "squandering his substance in such a cause."

Soon afterwards came the expedition of the English fleets against Spain, under Effingham, Raleigh, Vere, and Mountjoy, with whom went the excitable Earl of Essex, and not many days passed before news was sent back to England of the taking of Cadiz, the burning of Porto Santa Maria, and the destruction of the Spanish fleet. "If many were made giddy by this great success, the head of Essex was completely lost." He returned intoxicated with pride and vainglory to find that Robert Cecil had contrived to get himself made Secretary of State during his absence, a circumstance which he took as a personal injury, and regarding which "he stormed upon the Queen."†

Again Lady Anne cautioned her sons against the dangers which she foresaw were brewing for them with Cecil in power, and on back terms with Essex. "You had more need now to be more circumspect and advised in your troublous discoursings and doings. . . . For all affectionate doings he (Cecil) may hurt though pretending good. The father and son are joined in power and policy." ‡

* Lambeth MSS., Vol. 6997, p. 72. † See Lambeth MSS. 658, fol. 21. Camden's Ann. Eliz., 1596. Bacon's Apologie 18, 20. Devereux Papers i. 380.
‡ Lambeth MSS. 658, fol. 21.

In 1596 Francis dedicated the first edition of his "Essays" to his brother Anthony, or rather, "*to our Love*, in the depth whereof I assure you that I sometimes wish your infirmities translated upon myself, that her Majesty might have the service of so excellent and able a mind, and I might be with excuse confined to those contemplations and studies for which I am fitted."

And now there was seen in Essex a good example of "a hot friend cooling." Francis never ceased to warn him of the results of his arrogance and ambition, and of his haughty bearing towards the Queen. "I always vehemently dissuaded him from seeking greatness by a military . . . or by a popular dependance, as that which might breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation." * He spoke to him so plainly that "Essex shrank from a man whose talk was wiser (*and less complimentary*) than he liked to hear." They had no quarrel, but Essex ceased to request the counsels he had no will to follow, and although from time to time we still find Francis striving to arrest the Earl on his road to ruin, yet anything to be called love or friendship was now quite at an end, the counsels which Francis continued to give were never followed by Essex, whose disloyalty and arrogance became increasingly displeasing to the Queen. When Bacon waited upon her at Nonsuch, she not only complained to him of Essex, his arrogance, his stubbornness and disobedience, but hinted her suspicion that he had some private ends in view. Dr. Birch records Bacon's bold and sagacious advice; that if instead of discontenting the ambitious Earl (yet putting arms and powers into his hands), the Queen were to have him at Court with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, continuing him in honour and as an ornament to the Court, then would he be in his right element. But it was now too late. We all know the miserable story of Essex's plots to surprise the Queen, depose his enemies, put his friends in power, and (it is thought) to make him King of Ireland, if no more.

One means of stirring the citizens of London in his favour was, as we have often been told, by causing the play of *Richard II.* (which Elizabeth considered treasonable) to be played repeatedly in the streets, courtyards, and theatres of London, "feeding the public eye with pictures of the deposition of kings." But the plots failed, Essex was

* Apology concerning Essex.

arrested with some of his followers, and, when Elizabeth learned from their confessions the depths of his guilt, she would then and there have brought him to public trial, but again Francis Bacon intervened in his behalf; yet although he tried every means, seized every opening for his plea, lavishing wit, eloquence, persuasion of the highest power on this ungrateful cause, the queen was not to be appeased.

Early in May, 1598, Elizabeth announced her intention of proceeding against Essex, rather for the purpose of curbing than of ruining him, and again Bacon opposed her plan, and modified it to a "council-table business," and yet again, when forced to take a part in the proceedings, Bacon closed the case in a speech so eloquent as practically for the time to save Essex and his fame.* So, by continual efforts, Francis Bacon persuaded the queen to relent, and at the very same time, armed as it were with fresh powers of evil, Essex, in the secresy of his country house, renewed the plot. But from various causes, each in turn, his associates fell away. "Is it not strange," says Hepworth Dixon, "that the man who owed him least should stand by him when the rest were gone? that the man for whom (when in trouble) he would not suspend a game of tennis should fight for him against every enemy, even against majesty itself?"

Bacon hoped against hope that Essex was sorrowful and broken, and drafted letters for him such as might melt her heart; but Elizabeth had already found out too much, and Essex, knowing that he had sinned past hope, now set on foot a fresh plot to kill Raleigh, Cobham, and Cecil, to set aside the council, seize the person of her Majesty, and call a parliament of his own. Again the plot was discovered, the conspirators arrested and brought to trial, and, after overwhelming evidence had been produced against them, Essex and three others were condemned and executed,† February 25, 1601.

"That the lofty and gentle course which Francis Bacon pursued through these memorable events commanded the admiration of tion of all his contemporaries, save a fraction of the defeated band, is a fact of which the proofs are incontestable;"‡ but the curious point

* See *Story* 161, 162. Chamberlain to Carleton, Jul. i. 26, 1600, R.O. Confession of D. Hayward *ib.* Moryson ii. 68. Sydney Papers ii. 200.

† See Jardine i. 322, 372. Bacon's Apologie 66. Birch ii. 495. State Trials i. ‡ *Story* 183.

in this tragedy, of which we have been able to give but a mere hasty sketch, is that Anthony hardly anywhere appears mixed up in the matter, and that from this time he disappears from sight.

"About this time," writes Dr. Abbott, "Bacon lost his brother Anthony. His health, always infirm, had perhaps received a shock from the outbreak and death of Essex, to whom he remained faithful to the last—at all events, his correspondence breaks off at that point, and from that time forwards we have no record of the relations between the two brothers." *

Hepworth Dixon merely notices, by the way, that "Anthony Bacon's death, which took place in the very heat of the Devereux trials, left Bacon the house and gardens of Gorhambury, but hardly a shilling or an acre beyond them."

The only comment made by Spedding upon a loss which must have caused Francis the bitterest grief is with regard to a letter to Anthony dated May, 1601, to which the biographer adds the remark "that "*Anthony Bacon died before May* 27." The date is given upon the authority of a letter in the State paper office from Mr. John Chamberlain to Sir Dudley Carlton, bearing the date May 27th, 1601.

Where or how Anthony died, and where he was buried, still remain mysteries; but these are not the only mysteries connected with him, and readers with time and means at their disposal are earnestly requested to inquire more particularly and with greater persistency than has yet been used into the truths about Anthony Bacon and his pursuits. To come to the point about one thing—*Was he a poet?*

Dr. Rawley, Francis Bacon's chaplain and secretary (and who collected *the* "*Manes' Verulamiani*," in the short "Life" which he wrote of his beloved master, uses these words when speaking of the "straits and necessities" to which Francis was driven in his youth:—

"For, as for that pleasant site and Manor of Gorhambury, he came not to it till many years after, by the death of his dearest brother, Mr.

* Dr. Abbott adds a quotation from Chamberlain, which he considers "important, because it seems to show that there was, at all events, *no known and open rupture between the brothers consequent on the fall of Essex.*" Who ever thought that there was any such rupture?

Anthony Bacon, *a gentleman equal to him in height of wit, though inferior to him in the endowments of learning and knowledge;* unto whom he was most nearly conjoined in affection, they two being the sole issue of a second *venter*."

Let us ask ourselves what we know or have ever seen hinted in books or old records of Anthony Bacon as a man *equal to Francis in height of wit?* We cannot forget that in a letter to Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Davis he desired him to "be good to concealed poets," but this was in March, 1603, at the time of "the king's first entrance," and Anthony is said to have died two years earlier. So, for the present, we pass by that remark about "*concealed poets*," and turn to another matter still more puzzling.

Amongst Anthony Bacon's voluminous correspondence at Lambeth Palace* is a copy of verses in French. We were first attracted to them by finding that the *folio* 175 *is omitted from the printed catalogue.* The previous letter (fol. 174) is noted in the catalogue as interesting; the subsequent (folio 176) is also catalogued. It was therefore highly probable that the "error" of omission would lead to something of interest or curiosity. Readers may now judge for themselves, and we shall be obliged to any who will give their opinion as to whether these verses are intended truly to apply to Anthony to whom they are addressed, or whether Anthony is here acting as one of his brother's many masks. If the former be the case, we have to acknowledge that we are very ignorant as to his life and capacities; and if these verses describe him faithfully, we cannot be blind to the remarkable coincidences between the particulars here recorded of Anthony, and those set forth in the *Manes Verulamiani* concerning Francis. For those to whom old French is unfamiliar we give a few preliminary notes :—

"Baccon," the flower of Englishmen and the honour of the Nine Muses and of Pallas, who now wander without guide or succour through the wood, is compared to a dart or ray from the starry regions, bringing light into a barbaric age. The holy flock of poets (who owe their wit to Phœbus and their birth to the heavens) are losing their laurels, and the poet mourns that in France there are so few left who will act the part of a Mecenas by patronising young poets, and



* Tennison MSS., vol. xv. 661, fol. 175.

"giving them a shoulder up"—adding to their number in these isles and beyond the seas. He recalls the time when the French poets (whom he enumerates) sang better than the swans of the Thames. He laments like Ben Jonson that things go backward, an iron age has returned after an age of gold. Writers now talk or yelp like a pack of dogs, and, worse still, they profane the holy names of kings and princes. For himself, although he believes himself to have written more than anyone else, he is free from malice or venom, and can praise other men of wit and honour. Amongst the English milords * he perceives that his subject is as a brilliant star seen through the thick veil of night. He cherishes and rewards the priests of Apollo and his well-taught sisters. Bacon is apostrophised as "oracle of thine isle:" one whom to praise is to do an honourable deed. King James is commended for befriending Bacon, "ornament of his country." The gods of heaven and earth, and of the infernal regions (Apollo, Minerva, Æsculapius, and Vulcan), are heralds of his messages; Themis, goddess of order and devout piety and pillar of the Church, offer to him, with the rest, their most precious gifts, that he may equal the immortal heroes. So rare a spirit, anxiously steering the helm of the Commonwealth in most tempestuous times, deserves that the Commonwealth should heed his labours.

Bacon, eye of wisdom, in whom happiness abounds, has raised mankind above himself and above the world. He retires into his own soul, a perfect and sacred place. His soul dwells in reason, his reason dwells in God.

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Au Seigneur Antoine Bacon, Gentilhomme Anglois Elegie,

"Baccon, ffleur des Angloys, et l' honneur des neuf Muses
Des Muses et Pallas, qui tristement confuses
Loing de leur cher Parnasse errent parmi les bois,
Sans guide, sans secour, sans support, et sans vois.
Est tu point esbahy (mon Bacon je te prie
Donne ce trait astier à notre barbarie !)
Dequoy ce saint Troupeau (qui doit ingenieux
Son esprit à Phœbus, et sa naissance aux cieux)

* Of whom *Anthony* was not one

Perd ici ses Lauriers, et la sabranche attique:
En si lache saison, qui tous vices pratique
Ce que j' approuve moins, et qui pour m' ulscerer
Au milieu de l' espoir me fait desesperer:
C'est de conoigstre peu de Mecenes on Gaule
Qui prisent leurs mignons, ou leur prestent l'epaule:
Et que leur nombre soit desormais esclaircy
Non moins outre la Mer, qu'en voz Isles d' icy:
Ou je rappelle en vain (et ne t' en scandalise !)
Nos cygnes mieux chantans que ceux de la Tamise.
Ẽu peu d' espace, hélas ! (desastre non dernier)
Nous perdimes Ronsard, et le tragic Garnier;
Puis Aurat, Grec-Latin, et Bayf, et Saluste
Qui ne meritayent moins que le port d' un Auguste !
Or moy qui leur survis, et voy regner encore
Ce dur siecle de fer, aprez leur siecle d'or:
Ye ne laisse d' ailleurs a taxer l' insolence
D' un zoiite mordant, et surtout s' il n' élance
Son fiel sur l' Injustice: ou d' affrontz, et de peurs
Recharge la vertu, comme un tas de japeurs
Escrivains, or parlans: qui pires que chieus memes
Singerent d' abbayer les Puissances supremes
Que Dieu commet sur nous: et d' une infame voix
Prophanent le saint nom des Princes, and des Rois.
L' attente qui voudra ! telle sotte malice
Jamais n' engagera ma Plume à ceste lice !
Onc Poëte ne fit taut Œvres comme moy:
Nul pourtant onc ne fut attaché de ma foy.
Du los des granz seigneurs, j' émaille ma peinture
Mon cœur est sans venim, mes escritz sans pointure.
Quand je remarque un homme ou d' esprit, ou d' honneur
Et duquel la vertu, compaigne de Bonheur
Luit parmy ces Milords, comme par l' obscur voile
Des plus tranquilles nuits, une brillante estoyle
Y' admire sa valeur, y' en deviens amoureux
Affecte son acces, et en suis desireus.
Comme j' ai fait de toy, qui cheris, et qui prises,
Les Pretres d' Apollon, et ses sœurs bien apprises.
Oracle de ton Isle ! et qui plus digne fais
Que ta louange est un honnorable fait !
Et n' estait que ta Rayne a nulle autre seconde
Et ce Prince Escoçoys, un miracle du monde
Dans cette Angle du Monde, ou ta candeur m' attrait
Ne paroistrayent qu' en ombre aus traits de mon pourtrait
Je feroy beaucoup mieux reluire ta Princesse,

Et le nom de ce Roy, que j'aymeray sans cesse.
L' as tu point jamais veu ? Ye t' assure Bacon,
Que si toute l' humeur du scavant Helicon,
Doutait en ma soif: et que la Renommée
Me prestat sa Trompete, ou sa bouch animée
D' un language inouy: dire je ne pourray
La grace, et bontez, d' un si louable Roy
Appüy des gentz de lettrés: et qui bien n' ay merite
Qu' au Temple des Heros sa gloire soit descrite,
Et que le bon Destin qui benit sa Conseil
Avec plus de faveurs le voye d' un bon œil.
Il y a (ce dit on) un sorte de Pommes
A l' entour de Sodome, abominable aux Hommes
Qui poignent l' appetit: et d' un suc gracieus
Ne tentent moins le goust, qu' elles plaisent aux yeux:
Mais estant retasté d' une dent affamée,
Ce traiste fruit esvole en suie, et en fumée.
Il n' en est pas ainsi de ceux qui dignement
Sont de leur dous pays l' espoir, et l' ornement
Comme toy mon Bacon ! à qui Themis la sage
Et ce Dieu qui Heraut expose son message
Ore au Ciel, ore en Terre, ore au Royaume bas,
Et celle qui là sus, achemine noz pas,
Devotte Pieté, Colonne de L' Englise,
Offrent leurs chers presentz; a fin qu 'on t' egalise,
Aux Heros immortelz ! et si bas meritant
Que les mains de Faveur t' en presentent autant
Car un si rare esprit, qui soucieus s' applique
A garentir la hef de sa chose-publique
Au tempz plus orageus: n' est pas moins digne aussi
Que la chose-publique en prenne le souci.
Baccon, l'œil de sagesse, ou le bonheur abonde
Hausse l' Homme au dessus de soy-meme et du monde.
Il se retire en l' Ame, entier et sacré lieu:
L' Ame en l'Entendement, l' Entendement en Dieu."

—La Tessee.

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Mr. Edwin Reed's work, "Bacon *versus* Shakspere, a brief for the Plaintiff," Seventh Edition, is for sale by Messrs Gay and Bird, 22, Bedford Street, Strand, London; and Messrs. Joseph Knight and Co., Boston, U.S.A.

## "LIE THERE, MY ART."

*Pro.* " . . . . 'Tis time
I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me—so;
[*Lays down his mantle.*]
Lie there, my art."

To this passage Steevens has affixed the following note:—"Sir Will Cecil, Lord Burleigh, Lord high Treasurer, &c., in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he put off his gown at night, used to say: *Lie there, lord treasurer*" (FULLER'S "Holy State," &c., p. 257).

He might have added the following as equally apposite, and as being, perhaps, the original of the expression used by *Prospero*. Christopher Hatton (afterwards knighted and made Lord Chancellor of England) was a man of much personal grace and great excellence in dancing, "which captivated the queen to such a degree that he arose gradually from one of her gentleman pensioners to the highest employment in the law. . . . In 1589, on the marriage of his heir with Judge Gawdy's daughter, the Lord Chancellor danced the measures at the solemnity, and left his gown on the chair, saying, *Lie there, Chancellor*" (see BIRCH'S "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth," I., pp. 8, 56, and NICOLAS'S "Life of Hatton," p. 478).

In this year (1589) Francis Bacon was 28 years of age; he was "reader" in Gray's Inn, and sat in Parliament for Liverpool. He may very well have been present at the marriage of Judge Gawdy's daughter to the heir of the Lord Chancellor, and have overheard the expression, "Lie there, Chancellor," as the sprightly Sir Christopher prepared him for the "measures," and the expression may very well have remained in his memory for years afterwards, as such trivial things so often do. Perhaps he even tripped a measure with the bride herself.

A FEW Volumes of "The Journal of the Bacon Society," 1886 to 1889, and the back numbers of BACONIANA can be supplied (bound or unbound) by Messrs. Banks, 5, Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

# A LINK CONNECTING A PICTURE WITH A PLAY.

WE all remember the flattering terms in which Bacon spoke to King James of his (the king's) "virtues and faculties which the philosophers call intellectual" in his dedication of the first book of the "Advancement of Learning." It is pitched in the high-flown diction of courtier-language so finely exemplified in the "Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." A similar instance of court flattery is found in the last scene of Shakespeare's play of *King Henry VIII.*, where James is referred to as heir to Elizabeth's virtues and power. He should be "as great in admiration as herself."

> "So shall she leave her blessedness to one
> (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
> Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
> Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
> And so stand fix'd: Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
> That were the servants of this chosen infant,
> Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
> Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
> His honour and the greatness of his name
> Shall be, and make new nations."

There was, according to Malone, a picture of King James in the possession of Lord Grimston, which formerly belonged "to the great Bacon," and on which the king is styled *imperii Atlantici conditor*. A year before the revival of the play of *King Henry VIII.* (1612) there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia, and Malone conjectures that the last lines of the above quotation allude to the settlement of that colony.

We know that Lord Bacon was interested in the settlement of Virginia; and it may very well have happened that the matter was often discussed by him and the king; so that there seems to be established a link between the allusion to the creation of "new nations" in America (Virginia) and the picture of the king (bearing an inscription directly alluding to the same event) belonging to Bacon. Probably Bacon had the inscription placed on the picture, and no doubt he wrote the lines in the play.

Can anyone inform me what has become of the picture?

HENRY S. CALDECOTT.

Johannesburg, November, 1896.

# CORRESPONDENCE.

REPEATED inquiries, reproofs, and suggestions, oblige us reluctantly to go over old ground, and to reiterate the assurance that it is through no fault of the Council of the Bacon Society, or of the editors of BACONIANA that "Shakespearean" articles exhibiting "*the other side*" of the great questions which we investigate do not appear in this magazine. In vain have we urged non-Baconians to join hands with us in research, and to write, or to speak out, in fair and open debate, their opinions, objections, and opposite conclusions. Not one has accepted such an offer or challenge.

Every quarter some fifty copies of this publication are sent to the editors of leading newspapers and periodicals, as many more to secretaries of clubs, and to Freemasons of various ranks and professions. Neither refutations, emendations, or fresh information have been afforded to us by any of them.* No offer from Baconians to meet "Shakespeareans" in friendly debate or conference has been accepted; no date proposed has ever suited Shakespearean engagements. Meanwhile, the letters received have been, to say the least, so shallow and silly that it would seem almost libellous to publish them, addressed, as they usually are, to some private individual, and sometimes accompanied with a remark to this effect: "Although I am a literary man, I do not wish to enter publicly into this matter;" or, "I request that my name may not appear, for, were I supposed to be interested in this controversy which (excuse me) is ridiculous and fruitless, my reputation might be impaired."

In most of these communications "General I" plays a prominent part: "I must say that I consider the attempt to deprive a man of his well-earned fame quite revolting to one's feelings, and a man with such a mind as Shakespeare; I think the thing all the worse because I have such a low opinion of Bacon. I am convinced that so cold and calculating and (I must add) so corrupt a man as I see him to be, could not have written *Hamlet*, for in him I see a reflection of the poet's innermost soul. . . . *Midsummer Night's Dream* is my favourite comedy. How elegant, sprightly, and full of wit it is! Bacon doubtless had *wits*, hard-headed, scientific, logical brains (not that I ever could read his kind of writings), but certainly he had no fun or real wit about him, and I consider that *Midsummer Night's Dream* is full of fun and real wit. Then Falstaff! I am certain," &c., &c.

* Several librarians have volunteered valuable help and encouragement. To these we offer cordial thanks, and wish that others may follow their bright example.

This is a fair example of the average "criticism" which reaches us by post. Choice specimens in various forms and styles set forth—

(1) That the writer never before heard of such things as are discussed in our pages. (*Ergo*, there can be no truth in them.)

(2) If there had been in them any basis of truth, wiser men than we would long ago have made it apparent. (*Ergo*, we are deluded fools.)

(3) The writers have consulted Mr. A, Prof. B, or Dr. C, and find that these gentlemen have read nothing on the subject, and are disinclined to enter upon it. (*Ergo*, we are naught.)

But, since we desire that these may be the last words printed with regard to our supposed (but imaginary) reluctance to hear "the other side," we cannot refrain from the temptation to refresh our readers with a copy of a letter received within the last half of this dying year. We repress the name and address of the writer from respect to the feelings of his relations, and of the members of the distinguished literary club from which he dates this effusion:—

"MESSRS. EDITORS, 'BACONIANA.'

"Sirs,—I did not know that there were bigger . . . *double-dyed fools* in the world than the bimetallists, but, picking up in the club your July number, I regret to find that God has invented people who belong to a Bacon Society. You make Bacon out a first-class idiot—no use to go into reasons in detail. Why tear your hair because there was a Shakespeare? There is no proof of the absolutely rotten pretensions Baconist-phobists present. Bacon was a proud man, and thought much of himself, and could not let William Shakespeare take credit for the plays. Stop being foolish. Don't waste your money printing rot.

"'Oil and water will not mix,'
The saying's very old;
No use to kick against the pricks,
Shakespeare's the man of gold.'

Don't publish stuff to make Bacon a God-invented idiot. Some lunatics . . . tried to do it, but in vain. Kindly send me photos of the editors of Bacon Society.

"&c., &c. (Full name and address).

"P.S.—Go into 'Lucas,' east-side bottom of Parliament-street, see Inspector Frost or Inspector Jarvis, of Scotland-yard, at 5.30 p.m., any day, and get arrested for libel on William Shakesp——, and save your Bacon for breakfast. Mention my name. Don't forget the photos."

We trust that correspondents will now rest satisfied that to publish letters such as the above, or even those collectively described, would be sheer waste of good paper, and most undesirable with our present limited space. Such communications are, however, carefully preserved, and may some day help to furnish an appendix to the "Curiosities of Literature." But it would be too cruel were we to publish them during the lives of the writers.

As to true criticism, correction, contradiction, confutation, fresh facts or suggestions "*on the other side*," we ask for them, appeal for them, and will heartily welcome them from whatever source they may come.